

# Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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Boston, June, 1887.

No. 1.



THE CONVICT TRAIN.

From *The Midnight Sun: The Tsar and the Nihilist*, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

## EXILES TO SIBERIA.

In a report prepared for the ministerial commission, which is now considering the project of diverting the transportation of Russian convicts from Siberia to the island of Shghalien and

districts in the trans-Caucasian and Central Asian frontier provinces, the inspector of the *Tiumen-Atchinsk* route to Siberia states that during the decade 1876-86, 218,578 prisoners passed along that highway. Of this number,

no less than 2,867 died on the way. The report furnishes no record of the probably larger number who perished on the latter part of the journey. It is also silent as to the causes of the 2,867 deaths between Tiumen and Atchinsk. — *Odessa Cor. London News*.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1887.

## WORK FOR THE DUMB ANIMALS.

At the Directors' May meeting held on the 18th ult., President Angell reported that through the gifts of friends to the Society's Missionary Fund he had arranged to distribute at the great national convention of teachers in July, 120,000 copies of the Society's humane publications. The Society's "Bands of Mercy" are extending over the whole country. Many are now being formed in the Southern States. They now number 5668. Our Boston agents have dealt during the past month, with 144 complaints of cruelty, taken 24 horses from work, and humanely killed 40 horses and other animals.

## TO EDITORS.

We send monthly about sixteen hundred copies of this paper to newspapers and magazines in the United States and elsewhere—about four hundred to papers in Massachusetts—and about twelve hundred to the most influential papers outside the State. Our object is to propagate the work in which we are engaged, over this country and over the world, and it is our study, night and day, to send this paper in such form and make it so attractive that Editors will open, examine, carry to their wives and children, and reproduce in their own columns. In return we are glad to find the words we have written coming up in a thousand forms and places—and we thank the Power that gave us the words and told us to write them.

We take no advertisements. We intend that this paper shall have a circulation at least *four* times—and if we are prospered we hope *twenty* times—the number of its subscribers, for the object of publishing it is not the money we get from subscriptions.

In our Annual Report published in May number, we gave a statement of the work of our Society the past year. We have now, in addition to other work inside the State and out, two new missionary plans, by one of which we intend, before snow flies, to reach with our humane publications, the teachers of nearly twenty thousand schools—mostly in the Western and Southern States and Territories—by the other we hope to make every "*Band of Hope*" in the world also a "*Band of Mercy*."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LIVE in peace with yourself, with your relatives, with your neighbors. Do all the good you can and expect no thanks, for this will save you from disappointment.

We acknowledge reception of order from the Rochester, N. Y. Society, for 4,000 copies of Check-rein pamphlet.

## GOD IS IN THIS WORK.

We are just in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of the Mobile, Alabama, Society, in relation to the "Bands of Mercy," in which he writes: "*I believe God is in the work in Mobile.*"

We get many such letters from different parts of our country. *We believe God is in this work everywhere.* If we did not, we should not work in our sixty-fourth year, as hard as we do.

## "GOOD NEWS."

The following from that eminent Christian woman, President of our "*Women's National Christian Temperance Union*," whose voice has been heard by hundreds of thousands over this country, will be read with pleasure:

EVANSTON, Ill., April 28, 1887.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:

*Kind and honored friend,*—I wish to be enrolled as a member of your "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." My Secretary, Miss Anna Gordon of Boston, has often told me of you, and *I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ.*

Let me give you an incident, it occurred yesterday, and shows how one may turn a daily paper to account for our dumb neighbors:

I was riding in a hansom, in Chicago, and my driver often struck his horse, when so far as I could see the poor animal was doing his best. He was to wait for me while I made a call, and alighting from the hansom I handed him my copy of the morning *Tribune*, saying as pleasantly as I could, "My friend, I shall be glad to give you this paper to read if you will not whip your horse any more." He took the paper, looking rather sheepish, and on the return trip contented himself with cracking his whip.

Could not one often use the morning paper in some such way? I simply give this as a suggestion growing out of my own experience.

Yours with the highest esteem.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Fifteen to eighteen years ago, various good people gravely shook their heads when we proposed to speak from their pulpits on the *Lord's* day in behalf of the *Lord's* dumb creatures.

We are glad to say that since that time we have been invited on *Lord's* days in Roman Catholic churches and Protestant churches of nearly all denominations, and to large union meetings of churches of various denominations, in many cities and towns.

And we are glad to know that the best Christian men and women of the nation now appreciate the work. And we are glad to read such words as these from Miss Willard: "*I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ.*"

What is our mission? To teach in our public schools and elsewhere in most effective ways, mercy—kindness to all who deserve

kindness, both human and dumb—peace on earth and good will to all harmless dumb creatures, and peace on earth, good will to men.

G. T. A.

## BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

We are invited to attend Annual Meeting of "*National Institute of Instruction*" at Burlington, in July. We are not certain that we can go, but will send for distribution to the teachers there, 12,000 copies of our humane publications—of the same kind of which we shall send 120,000 to the great National Teachers' Convention at Chicago.

## RHODE ISLAND.

We have accepted an invitation to address the public schools of Providence in the large Music Hall of that city, on Friday, June 3rd.

## LEAFLETS.

In the Buffalo public schools, the eight Humane Leaflets have been bound together, making a pamphlet of thirty-two pages. And in response to requests, we have had an edition printed and stitched together, the price being the same as for the same number of Leaflets separate.

We would suggest also that the *eight* four-page Leaflets can be easily made by using a pen-knife, *sixteen* two-page leaflets.

## HOW WORCESTER HELPS OUR MISSIONARY FUND.

A good friend in Worcester hands us \$200 as the gift of another friend to our "*Missionary Fund*."

It will enable us to put eighty thousand more Humane Leaflets, or their equivalent, into perhaps a thousand Western and Southern schools, where they will be widely read and remembered, and the good that may come from those eighty thousand Leaflets no man can estimate.

Good friends whom God has blessed with means, make our *Missionary Fund* large enough, and we will reach every school in America, and sow seeds of kindness which will protect not only dumb animals, but property and life.

## WHAT OUR BANDS OF MERCY ARE DOING.

We are in correspondence with hundreds of these Bands, scattered over the country in almost every State and Territory. We could fill this whole paper with their reports. Our friends who may wish to read of the good work they are doing are invited to call at our offices and look over our letter files.

## NEBRASKA.

We acknowledge from Nebraska Society thirty-six annual subscriptions for "*OUR DUMB ANIMALS*," to be used in the public schools.

## THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

We have received from Miss Willard, President of the W. C. T. U., under date of May 7th, the following:—

"If you could attend our National W. C. T. U. Convention, where we gather philanthropic women from forty States and Territories, I would give you the most representative audience to which you have ever spoken. We meet in Nashville, Tenn., and probably in November next. If you can come let me know."

This would certainly be a rare opportunity to speak to philanthropic women from forty States and Territories, in behalf of those that cannot speak for themselves. The Convention last year at Minneapolis was attended by nearly three hundred officers and delegates from forty States and Territories, and the audience numbered many thousands. We may think it a duty to go.

If, with the aid of Miss Willard and the World's W. C. T. U., we can induce all the "Bands of Hope" in America and Europe to become also "Bands of Mercy," we shall begin to think we can see the dawning of the day

When peace shall over all the Earth  
Its ancient splendors fling.  
And the whole world give back the song  
That now the angels sing.

G. T. A.

## THE PLEASURE OF OUR WORK.

When boys or girls do good work in school, or elsewhere, they like to be praised. How old a boy has to become before he gets beyond liking to be praised, we cannot say, but we have reached sixty-four, and like to be praised just as well as we ever did.

"The Judge," said the wife of one of our judges the other day, "says that this paper, 'OUR DUMB ANIMALS,' is very ably edited." *We liked that.* Another Judge of the Supreme Court told us some time since, that it was his custom every month to read "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" from beginning to end. *We liked that.*

Some years ago, we had the pleasure of addressing the Detroit High School—some eight hundred pupils. We told them at the close that we must not keep them longer from their dinners. One of the girls, representing a group that surrounded her, said: "We girls would have been glad to have gone without our dinners if you would have talked longer." *We liked that.* The next Sunday night those same girls and boys came with their fathers and mothers and gave us an audience of nearly two thousand persons. *We liked that.* Some time since we sent, by request of the Principal, some of our Humane Leaflets to that same school, and in return we find the following in the "Journal of Education," written by its chief Editor, and we need not say that *we like that*:

## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

George T. Angell, Esq., the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is the best possible illustration of the influence of a man of brains who has a purpose and concentrates his money and energy in that direction. Our experience, through the recent announcement of his issue of his beautiful "Leaflets" for gratuitous

distribution, has confirmed the opinion long entertained of his business tact and philanthropic success. One illustration is as good as many.

In the Detroit High School, at our recent visit, we found the entire school, *eight hundred and fifty children*, enthusiastically interested for the animals. On the day before the spring vacation, the last hour was given up to appropriate exercises in the interest of "dumb animals." Each of the rooms had its own exercises. Decorations, elaborate, appropriate and artistic, beautified the rooms. Evergreens, flags, drawings and paintings were abundant. In the principal hall was the artistic designing of the motto:

"We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves."

Upon the main blackboard was a charming caricature of the mission of the S. P. C. A. in an illustrative orchestra of non-musical animals woven about the words,—

Hurrah!!!

For the

Humane Society.

Everybody join in the chorus.

There were upon the different blackboards, the heads of horses, dogs, etc., birds and their associates. There was one fine forest scene. We give a few of the many exercises of the hour in the various rooms.

All the above, and a thousand like them, convince us that we never did a wiser thing in our whole life than when we decided many years ago to give up money-making and devote ourselves to our present work.

In this morning's mail comes one of a different kind of pleasant experiences, which we like quite as well. It is a postal card evidently written by a small boy, and this is the way it reads:

"Mr. Angle, Pres. of the M. S. of P. C. A., Milk Street, Boston:

Dear Mr. Angle: We, the boys of the Mather School, of Dorchester, found a little bird starving to death between the window and the curtain of the hall on Meeting House Hill; we broke the glass and the little bird went forth into the air with a cry of joy. (Signed),

MATHER SCHOOL BOYS."

And Mr. Angle writes the Master to thank the boys who broke the window, and to say that if anything is to be paid for the broken glass, to send the bill to Mr. Angle.

Now what is the use of writing the above article? If we enjoy the work, why not enjoy it quietly? What is the use of telling everybody about it? We answer: Pioneers in various parts of our country are writing us of the discouragements they meet—sometimes they feel like giving up. We want to encourage them to keep on and find in future years, as we have done, the rewards of present sacrifice.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## ELLEN M. GIFFORD SHELTERING HOME FOR ANIMALS, AT BRIGHTON.

We have received a very nicely printed and well written report from Mrs. Herbert B. Cushing, the Supervisor, which shows 72 dogs found homes for—10 mercifully killed; 52 cats found homes for—30 mercifully killed; greatest number in shelter at one time, 42; 3 canary-birds found homes for.

This institution was founded by Mrs. Gifford, a very wealthy lady of New Haven, and is supported by her. Mrs. Gifford is a Vice President, life member and honorary member of our Mass. S. P. C. A.

## OREGON.

At the Annual Meeting of the Humane Society at Portland, report of President Eliot shows increased membership; an officer furnished by the city; several members authorized to act as police officers. *One hundred annual subscriptions for "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" offered as prizes for compositions in the schools.* Rev. T. L. Eliot, President; J. A. Macrum, Vice President; Geo. H. Himes, Recording, and W. T. Shanahan, Corresponding Secretary.

## HOW A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG ADDRESSED THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION AT TOPEKA, KANSAS.

BOSTON, May 9, 1887.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

You ask me how the dog happened to come on to the platform, at the meeting of the National Educational Association at Topeka, Kansas, last year. I answer that just as I was reading your letter, donating on behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seven thousand packages of your humane publications to the teachers, a large Newfoundland dog which had come in through the back door of the Opera House, and so far as I could learn, was unknown to any one present, walked to the front of the platform and sat down by my side facing the audience. At the close of my reading and remarks, the dog retired. Your letter was received with great applause by the thousands of teachers present, and every package was taken by the audience, leaving some still unsupplied.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM E. SHELDON,

Pres. Nat. Educational Society.

We had a similar experience in Detroit some years ago. While speaking from the pulpit, Sunday morning, a large, fine-looking dog deliberately walked up the aisle of the church on to the platform, and standing by the side of the pulpit, looked at us and at the audience. We stopped, welcomed him, and told him that we were talking for him. He then deliberately walked back, and we could not learn that any one in the audience knew where the dog came from.

G. T. A.

## ALEXANDER MITCHELL.

We see by the papers, the death of this *many* millionaire, the richest man in Wisconsin, and probably in the North West. We notice that he left \$50,000 to various local charities, *but nothing to the Wisconsin Humane Society.* During the ten days in 1879, that we were hard at work in Milwaukee, trying to help the friends there organize this society, we looked out daily from the windows of our boarding place upon his palatial mansion just opposite, and thought *how much good that man could do.* At the last address we gave there at a crowded union meeting of churches in the large Grand Avenue Presbyterian church, Sunday evening, we understood that he was present and we have since understood that he has taken interest in our work. We are sorry he forgot *The Wisconsin Humane Society.* We wish he had given it something—if no more than it cost us personally to help organize it during the ten days we worked in that beautiful city—a gift we remember with pleasure.

We are glad to acknowledge from Mrs. King of Augusta, Ga., a large order for *Band of Mercy* badges and pledges.



## PHILADELPHIA.

We are pleased to receive a report of the "*Young American Humane Union*," Philadelphia, of which our friend, Mrs. Chas. Willing, is Treasurer, adviser, patron, and we believe, founder. It has a membership of over 21,000, a library of 1500 volumes, a reading-room, a book of melodies, a little monthly paper named the "*Band of Mercy and Humane Educator*." It formed twelve new "Bands of Mercy" the past year and received about \$600 and spent about \$450.

It is an important division of our great and growing American army. We have no doubt that any one can obtain a copy of this interesting report by sending five cents in postage stamps to its office, 1013 Spruce street.

## GEORGIA.

We acknowledge reception of Annual Report of the Georgia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with a picture of its founder, Louise W. King, long since gone to her reward. Headquarters at Augusta: Henry B. King (brother of the founder). President; Samuel R. Craig, Secretary and Treasurer. Branches at Atlanta, Macon, Rome, Athens and Bryan Neck. By the same mail we received a letter from J. M. Humphries, of the Athens Branch, offering to go right at work, at his own expense, forming "Bands of Mercy" in Georgia, if we would help. We need not say how gladly we answered that the Massachusetts Society would furnish everything he needs. It ought not to be unpleasant to Mr. Bergh, as it certainly is not to us, to read the opening words of President King's Report:

"When, fourteen years ago, a gentlewoman founded this Society the cause of animals was in this part of the world a visionary one.

The names of Bergh and Angell were mentioned with something like patronizing pity, while those who shared their aspirations were looked upon as engaged in a hopeless struggle. To-day we have the spectacle of the enlightened intelligence of the whole country crowding forward to align themselves with these pioneers of a new civilization."

## MOBILE.

The Mobile Humane Society held its Annual Meeting May 3d. Hon. Rufus Dane re-elected President, and our esteemed and able co-worker, C. R. Eastburn, re-elected Secretary and Treasurer. This young Society is very active, especially in humane education and forming "Bands of Mercy." We have received from it about seventy dollars during the past year for humane publications.

## MOBILE.

A union meeting of the "Mobile Bands of Mercy" was held in the "Princess Theatre," Sunday afternoon, April 24th, with songs, addresses, &c., various clergymen taking part. To Mr. C. R. Eastburn, Secretary and Treasurer of the Mobile Society. P. C. A. great credit is due for the formation and success of the "Bands of Mercy" in that city. From the opening address of Rev. Mr. Berkowitz we give this:

Mr. Berkowitz said that the moment was one when all could see a forecast of the great millennial age for which we all hope and pray; the coming together of Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Heathen and Infidel, all obeying the same injunctions which urge the practice of kindness. This is a promise of a common platform upon which all nations may stand—the platform of justice, truth and mercy.

## NEW JERSEY.

At Annual Meeting of Hudson County Society at Jersey City, G. F. McAneny, President, and J. L. Kaylor Secretary, it was voted to offer a gold medal to pupils of Jersey City High School for best composition on kindness to animals.

We are glad to learn by letters from Miss Anna Gordon, Secretary and co-laborer with Miss Frances E. Willard, also author of much of the best temperance literature, that she has already started two "Bands of Mercy."

## MASS. SOCIETY - P. C. CHILDREN.

We have received from Mr. Fay and read with interest the sixth Annual Report of this useful Society, showing new cases investigated, 859—involving 2,095 children—old cases re-investigated, 1,531—involving 4,206 children.

Its Treasurer's report shows receipts, \$13,147.34—expenses, \$11,864.74. Permanent trust, \$4,600.17, and funds available for expenses, \$3,422.19.

We cannot quite agree with the General Agent in his report, that "the abuse of animals is seen," because we believe that not one cruelty in a thousand to animals occurs in the presence of any witness who will testify, and that for every child that dies of starvation, a thousand, and probably ten thousand of God's lower creatures who cannot speak, die from the same cause. We trust that our work of humanely educating the children of the country in all our schools—many of whom have no fathers or mothers to whom it is possible for them to be kind—to feed the birds and pat the horses and talk kindly to all dumb creatures may sometime make societies for the prevention of cruelty to children unnecessary, but, until that day comes, they should be liberally supported, and so we have made ourself a life member of this Massachusetts Society and reasonably remembered it in our will, and advise our friends who can afford it to do the same.

## PRESIDENT SHORTALL AND HURDLE RACING.

We are pleased to learn that the "Washington Park Club" of Chicago, at request of President Shortall, will hereafter permit only thoroughly trained horses in good condition to run in steeple and hurdle races.

Now if the club will go a step further and, tying their horses to a fence, jump over the hurdles themselves, some very valuable horses may be saved from broken legs and other injuries.

## THE ISSUING OF BEEF AT THE GOVERNMENT AGENCIES TO THE INDIANS.

We find in "*Forest and Stream*," taken from "J. B. Harrison's Latest Studies on Indian Reservations," a terrible account of the cruelty practiced by the Indians at "*The Great Sioux Reservation*," in killing the cattle turned over to them by the government—cutting out the tongues while alive, &c., &c.—and closing with these words: "The next day at the great government boarding school, the principal told us that his boys and girls had behaved so well all through the term, that he meant to take them out in a body to see the next beef issue, as a reward for their good conduct. Humane Leaflets are evidently needed in that school."

FARMERS protect the birds—the insect eaters—robins, cat-birds, blue-birds, black-birds, thrushes, orioles, red-birds, woodpeckers and all, each class has a mission to perform in the economy of nature, and without their assistance we will have neither crops nor fruit. The martins destroy weevil, the quails and grouse family destroy the chinchbug, the woodpeckers dig the worms from trees, and the others eat worms, bugs and caterpillars. All do their part. Destroy the birds of prey, but save your friends.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

The drying up of a single tear

Has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.—BYRON.

## MISSIONARY FUND.

Just going to press, we receive a check for \$50 from Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, widow of Rev. Dr. Osgood, formerly of New York city, "*to dispose of as you think best*." It goes into our Missionary Fund to send 20,000 more humane leaflets where we think they will do greatest good.

## AN IMPORTANT WANT SUPPLIED.

Humane Leaflets for Schools, Sunday Schools, Bands of Mercy and Homes.

While our "*Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*" (thirty-two pages costing but two cents), have gone already to some fifty thousand teachers of American Schools, we have long felt the importance of something still cheaper and more suitable for general distribution. To meet this, we have with much care prepared eight leaflets containing something over a hundred carefully selected stories, poems, etc. Each leaflet having on its first page a beautiful picture, and which we will send, postage paid, to Schools, Sunday Schools, Bands of Mercy and others, at the following rates, less than first cost, viz.: for the eight, five cents, for twenty-four, ten cents, for one hundred, twenty-five cents. They are numbered one to eight, and any number of those preferred, or of the whole, can be ordered at the above rates; payment being sent in postage stamps, if preferred. We invite all teachers of schools and Sunday schools, all officers of "Bands of Mercy," all parents and others who may read this notice, to send to Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 19 Milk street, Boston, five cents, and receive and carefully examine this series.

## DOGS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Just now the New York Board of Health is concerned with providing relief for hospital patients who are distressed by dogs howling at night. The dog pound, where hundreds of waifs and strays and stolen dogs are huddled, pending consignment to death in the flood of the East river, is between two hospitals in close proximity. The hospital physicians say that most of their patients are superstitious, and the continuous howling of the dogs has a decidedly injurious effect on them. Aside from this, the racket is most trying to the nerves, and the piteous wailing of a cage full of dogs as they are run down to the river to drown is enough to drive a sick man frantic. It is proposed to remove the pound to a distant wharf. While they are about it the authorities might, with great credit to themselves, devise some more humane system of destruction than the crate drowning.—"*Forest and Stream*."

"WILLIAM STURGEON, the able and famous electrician, rose from a cobbler's bench." We saw a man try to do the same thing once, but he was prevented by a piece of shoemaker's wax on the seat.—*Danville Breeze*.

That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.—POPE.

THE POWER OF  
RUSSIA.

The empire of the Czar is so vast in its extent that it bewilders the mind to attempt to form a picture of it.

Sweeping from the White Sea, the Polar Ocean, at the north of Europe, eastward to the Sea of Japan and the waters of America, embracing the vast realm of Siberia; bordering upon China in the south, and touching Afghanistan at the gate of India; flanking Persia, and hovering like a dark cloud over the whole of the Turkish Empire, while on the extreme west she faces Germany, Austria, and the new kingdom of Roumania, Russia presents, in one compact mass, a territory such as no earthly monarch has ever before ruled over.

To the people of the narrowed kingdoms of Europe, who watch jealously every movement of Russia, the Empire is grand, mysterious and fearful. They know its more than eighty millions people include many strange races, all of whom serve their Emperor. He has at his command a standing army of more than six hundred thousand men, and could call under arms two millions soldiers.

The vastness and mystery of the Empire make it even more formidable than do the figures which represent its armed men.

The distant camps of the primitive Aryans, who still worship the sacred fire; the Iranians and their ancient enemies, the barbarous Turanians, at peace at last under the flag of a foreign master; Tartars of every sort, faithful in their allegiance to their white master; Georgians, Circassians and Armenians; rude Samoyedes, people like Esquimaux in the extreme north; troops upon troops of Cossacks, the organized "cow-boys" of Russia; and then the great mass of European Russians, with the Lapps and Finns, and myriads of Jews; all these diverse peoples belonging, with all their goods and their very lives, to one man, and

one only, the Great White Czar—all these make up a vague but formidable whole.

It is no wonder that the statesmen of Europe have Russia seldom out of mind, and that they sometimes attribute to her the strangest and darkest purposes, some of them the most unlikely for her to entertain.—*Youth's Companion*.

In Russia where blinders are not used on horses a shying horse is unheard of.

## WHEN A FROG IS A BABY.

He is no frog at all, but a fish with gills and a tail, and is called a tadpole. Then he lives altogether in the water. After a while, the gills waste away, and a pair of legs burst out of his skin, and grow quite long. Then out bursts another and shorter pair; then the tail shrinks away, a tongue comes, the lungs grow, and at last our little friend has put off his brown coat for a green one. He gives a hop and a jump out of the water and is no longer a tadpole.

When winter comes, Froggie does not go South, but he hides himself deep in the mud at the bottom of the stream, and takes a long nap—until spring has come around again. Then he is bright and jolly as ever, and gives his noisy concert every evening.—*School and Home*.



A VIEW IN MOSCOW.

From *The Midnight Sun: The Tzar and the Nihilist*, published by D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston.

## DUTCH CARE OF BIRDS.

The worthy Dutchmen who settled on the banks of the Hudson were more hospitable to birds than their descendants have shown themselves to be. They not only let the birds alone, but encouraged them to build their nests about the houses. These wise settlers knew that the birds would pay for their protection by feeding on the insects that swarm in a new country.

Each large Dutch house had a portico, floored like a room, open at the sides, with seats all around. Above was a slight roof, painted like an awning, or a covering of lattice-work, over which a transplanted wild grape-vine spread its luxurious leaves.

Here hundreds of the little birds domesticated, occupying a small shelf built round the portico, where they were as sacred as the household gods of the Romans. Children were taught to regard them as the good genii of the family, who were to be cherished, but not disturbed.

In clearing the ground for a house, a tree was always left in the middle of the backyard for the use of the birds. The negroes, quick to imitate their masters, used old hats to form asylums for their little feathered friends. The deal fences were also utilized by the negroes to furnish homes for the birds.

In those days the small birds were so tame, that when the family were breakfasting or drinking tea in the airy portico—a summer custom—they constantly glided over the table with some insect to feed their young chirping above.—*Youth's Companion*.

Never borrow if you can help it.

## FOR HIS SAKE.

YOU have read of the Moslem palace—  
The marvelous fane that stands  
On the banks of the distant Jumna,  
The wonder of all lands.

And as you read, you questioned  
Right wonderingly, as you must,  
"Why rear such a noble palace,  
To shelter a woman's dust?"

*Why rear it?* The Shah had promised  
His beautiful Nourmahal  
To do it, *because he loved her*.  
*He loved her*—and that was all!

So minaret, wall and column,  
And tower and dome above—  
All tell of a sacred promise,  
All utter the accent—*LOVE*.

We know of another temple,  
A grander than Hindoo shrine,  
The splendor of whose perfections  
Is mystical, strange, divine.

We have read of its deep foundations,  
Which neither the frost nor flood  
Nor forces of earth can weaken,  
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,  
By wisdom that fills the throne,  
Was quarried and hewn and polished,  
Its wonderful corner-stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,  
So lofty its turrets rise,  
That the pile in its finished glory  
Will reach to the very skies.

The flow of the silent Kedron,  
The roses of Sharon fair;  
Gethsemane's sacred olives  
And cedars, are round it there.

The plan of the temple, only  
Its Architect understands;  
And yet he accepts—(oh wonder!)  
The helping of human hands!

And so for the work's progression,  
He is willing that great and small  
Should bring their bits of carving,  
As needed, to fill the wall.

Oh, not to the dead—but the living,  
We rear on the earth He trod  
This fane to His lasting glory—  
This Church to the Christ of God.

For over the Church's portal,  
Each pillar and arch above,  
The Master has set his signet,  
And graven his watchword—*LOVE*.

—By MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## SMOKING AMONG BOYS.

It would be well if some absolute standard existed as regards perfectly temperate habits among boys. The United States Navy is especially exacting in its requirements of young candidates. It takes annually into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. The Government aims at developing them in all possible directions, believing that the more intelligent a man becomes, the better sailor will he be.

There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical

examination. Major Houston of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard Barracks, is authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease.

His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is, "Do you smoke?"

The surgeons say that cigarette-smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect, comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed.

## A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock, sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly, "a daughter. But *she's a darling*."

And then they parted: the stranger in the city getting into a street car bound for the park.

After a block or two, a group of five girls entered the car: they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that. Would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry.

Just then the exclamation—"Why, there is Nettie! Wonder where she is going?"—caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting that she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss; he is my brother. We're goin' to the park to see if 'twon't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice meant for no one's ears except those of the child. I think it will do him good; it is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss; we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where they lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister, in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we get to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:

"It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes." The gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached, the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road, and into the green park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing a comely lady, "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. *I don't wonder you called her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake, God bless her.*" And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the horse car.

"MY DEAR," said a fond father to his fashionable daughter, soon to be married, "if George should meet with reverses and his fortune be swept away, could you go into the kitchen and make a loaf of bread?"

"What a foolish papa!" replied the dear girl, "I would send to the bakers."—*New York Sun*.

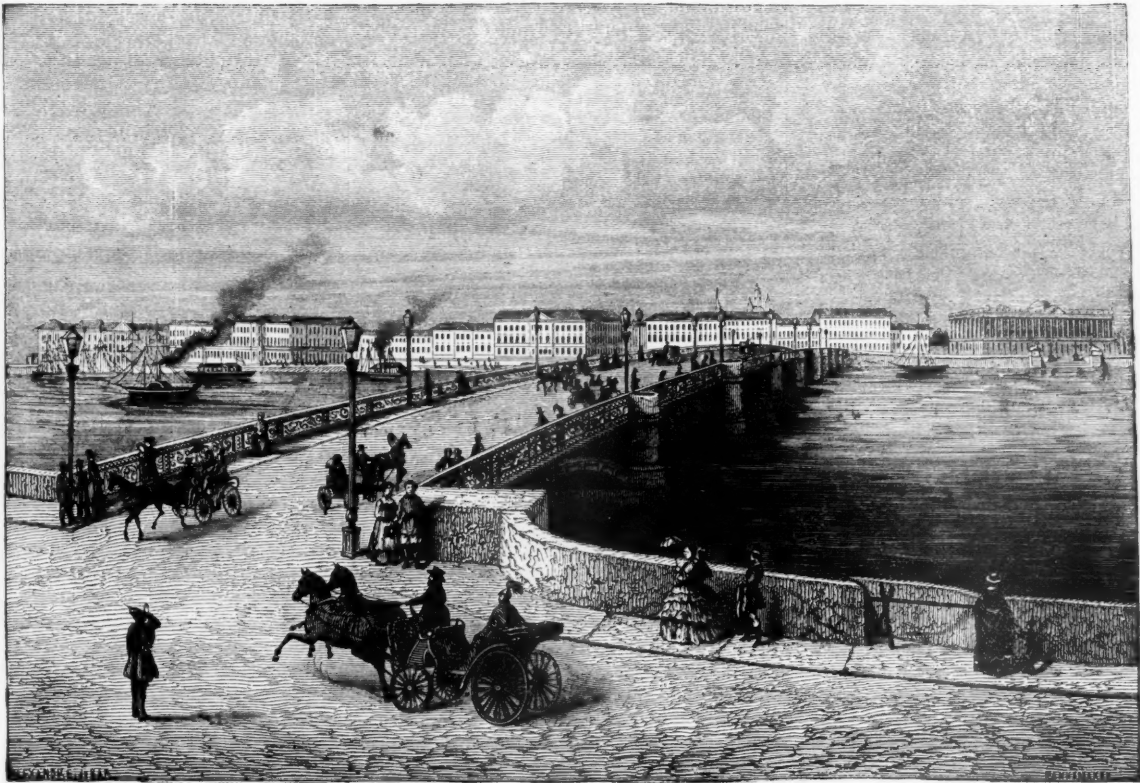
KINDNESS has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning.

—F. W. FABER.

THE great duty of life is not to give pain.

—FREDERIKA BREMER.





BRIDGE ACROSS THE NEVA.

From *The Midnight Sun: The Tsar and the Nihilist*, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The Czar of Russia receives the largest salary of any ruler on the face of the earth. He ought to. *He has the most dangerous job.*—*Boston Post.*

## A VERY INTELLIGENT BIRD.

WE conversed some time together —  
You may think it quite absurd —  
But I found that quail in the orchard  
A most intelligent bird.

He chose a shady corner  
Before he would alight;  
I inquired: "What is your name, sir?"  
He said at once, "Bob White."

He had an air of business,  
The knowing little sprite!  
So I asked about his family;  
He said at once, "All right."

I thought I'd like to see them,  
And asked him if I might;  
Perhaps it was the thought of toast  
That made him say, "Not quite."

"Permit me just a glance, sir.  
They must be a cunning sight —  
Then tell me what's the reason,"  
He winked and said, "Too bright."

I said, "Don't you get dizzy  
When you swing at such a height?"  
He hopped upon a loftier twig,  
Then answered back, "You might."

Though from answers dissyllabic  
He never swerved a mite;

Yet he always had an answer,  
The roguish little wight.  
At last I tried to catch him —  
He showed no signs of fright.  
But simply spread his winglets,  
And chirped back, "Good-night."

Your parrots and your mocking-birds  
You may think are very bright;  
For wit and for intelligence  
I recommend "Bob White."  
—*The Congregationalist.*

THE STORY OF PETER. — It was at a Sunday-school exhibition and the superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exercises he asked the children who could tell him anything about Peter. No one answered. The question was repeated several times, till finally a little girl held up her hand.  
"Well, my dear," said the superintendent, "that's right. I am glad to see there is one little girl who will put these larger boys and girls to shame."

The little girl came forward to the platform, and was told to tell the audience what she knew of Peter.

She put her finger in her mouth, and, looking very smiling, said:

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,  
Put her in a pumpkin shell,  
And there he kept her very well."

Amid the roar that followed, she hurried gayly to her seat.

THREE different waiters at a Southern hotel asked a Harvard professor at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last: "Is it compulsory?" No, sah," answered our friend, "I think it am mock turtle."—*Hotel Reporter.*

## REMINDING THE HEN.

"It's well I ran into the garden,"  
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;  
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?  
You never will guess it, I know."

"The little brown hen was there clucking:  
'Cut-cut!' she'd say, quick as a wink.  
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;  
And then she would stop short and think."

"And then she would say it all over,  
She *did* look so mad and so vexed;  
For mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten  
The word that she ought to cluck next."

"So I said, 'Ca-daw-cut,' 'Ca-daw-cut,'  
As loud and as strong as I could,  
And she looked round at me very thankful;  
I tell you, it made her feel good."

"Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut—ca-daw-cut!'  
She remembered just how it went, then,  
But it's well I went into the garden —  
She might never have clucked right again."  
—*BESSIE CHANDLER, in St. Nicholas.*

BOSTON YOUNG LADY — I want to look at a pair of eye-glasses, sir, of extra magnifying power. While visiting in the country last summer I made a painful blunder.

DEALER — May I ask what?

BOSTON YOUNG LADY — I mistook a bumble-bee for a blackberry.—*New York Sun.*

Never speak evil of any one.

## THE ROBIN.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MY old Welsh neighbor over the way  
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
 And listened to hear the robin sing.  
 Her grandson playing at marbles, stopped,  
 And cruel in sport, as boys will be,  
 Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped  
 From bough to bough of the apple-tree.  
 "Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you  
 not heard.  
 My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,  
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
 Carries the water that quenches it?  
 He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin:  
 You can see the mark on his red breast still  
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.  
 My poor bron ruddyn! my breast-burned bird,  
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
 Very dear to the heart of our Lord  
 Is he who pities the lost like him!"  
 "Amen!" said I to the beautiful myth;  
 "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;  
 Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell.  
 Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
 Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
 And dear to the heart of our Lord are all  
 Who suffer like him in the glory they do!"

## DON'T SHOOT AT THE BIRDS.

Last spring we boys were having a splendid time with our rubber shooters; every boy in the neighborhood had one or more. None of our mothers liked it: some windows got broken, and when one or two little birds got killed, our mothers were much excited.

There was a bluebird that built its nest year after year in an elm-tree close to one of our windows. One day my mother saw a boy shooting at it; he didn't hit, but she made up her mind it was time for the shooting to stop; and when, not long after, little Willie Brand had his eye most put out, they *all* thought so.

There was a fuss about it. There were pieces in the paper about how rubber shooters were dangerous things; and then the police came about and said that every boy that shot would have to pay five dollars for it. They all thought that was more than they could stand, so they stopped.

Mother had given me ten cents for mine, long ago, and burnt it; so I was glad when the other fellows had to stop.

This year we thought we'd have a little fun, and keep quiet about it. Jim Barlow made mine, and it was a first-rate shooter. I tell you; I gave him my top and a skate-strap and thirty marbles for it; he said 'twould shoot equal to a revolver.

I was very careful how I used it, for I didn't want mother to know that I had it. I used to shoot at stray dogs and cats, though it did make me feel bad sometimes, to hear 'em howl if I hit 'em. I used to shoot at the knot-hole in the barn door, too, to see how many times in twenty I could shoot in. It wasn't much fun when we had to keep out of the way all the time.

One day I was wandering about the lower end of the garden with my shooter. There were plenty of birds all around, but I did not want to shoot at them, if I could find anything else to shoot at. I got over the fence into another lot, but still there were birds everywhere.

I shot a few times, just to frighten them a little.

Then I heard one singing beautifully right over my head. I couldn't see it very plainly, and I don't believe I meant to hit it at all, and I tell you I was frightened when it came falling right down at my feet, with a sad kind of a little scream.

I picked it up and tried to make it fly, or walk, but it would not — its pretty eyes were half shut, and it kept panting with its bill. It was a bluebird.

I knew I never could keep it from mother; for when I have been doing anything dreadful, I always feel as if I was lost till I've been and told her. As I carried the poor bird through the garden, a drop of blood fell from its mouth, right on to a great white lily that seemed looking up to ask me what I had been doing. Mother was standing near the back piazza; as I laid the bird on her hand, it stopped panting and was still.

Mother said: "What's the matter?" But there was such a lump in my throat, I couldn't speak a word. Then she saw the shooter in my hand, and she said: —

"Did you kill that little bird?"

I tell you it scared me, the way she spoke. I never heard her speak in such an awful voice before.

Then she said: "You have stolen away its little life — it was all the life it had. The Lord loves his helpless little creatures; he gave them to us to make us happy, and he will never bless those who are cruel to them."

Then she put the little bird up to her cheek, and I saw her tears come. She took the shooter and laid it on the kitchen fire. I didn't get any ten cents this time, you may be sure; and then she said —

"You may go to your room."

I'd a great deal rather she'd whipped me than to have to go there and just have to keep thinking. I thought of all the beautiful days of sunshine I had taken away from that poor little bird, and how it would never fly through the air, or sing in the trees, or see the flowers and the grass any more. And I wondered if it had a nest and little birds, and what would become of them if it had.

And all of a sudden I jumped up, as I thought of the bluebird that had come to build its nest near us for so many summers. As soon as mother let me out (it wasn't very soon, for she gave me plenty of time to think), I ran to her nest.

The little birds all held their heads straight up, and opened their big little mouths, so I almost knew their mother hadn't fed them for some time. I fed them the best I could, and I watched that evening to see if their mother'd come, but she didn't.

Before I went to bed I got a piece of soft cotton, and covered 'em up. I thought, you see, if I took good care of 'em, they might live without their mother. But in the morning only two of them held up their heads to be fed, and before night they were all dead. So you see I had taken away all the sunshine from them, too. My sisters cried when they knew their little birds and their mother were all dead.

*I don't think I want another shooter. I don't believe I'll ever see another white lily but what it'll say to me, "You killed that bluebird!" — Youth's Companion.*

## WHAT SHE DID.

Christiana Dickson, the wife of one of the first settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania, was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced woman, extremely timid, but she had a horror of drunkenness.

She lived in days when the use of liquor was universal. But when her sons were born, she resolved to put a stop to whiskey-drinking in her home. Her husband being absent, her brothers called for the help of the neighbors, according to custom, to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared a great dinner. After an hour or two, whiskey was asked for. She refused to provide it.

Her brothers, and at last an elder in the church came to reason with her; to tell her that she would be accused of meanness.

Without a word the little woman went to the barn, and baring her head, stepped upon a log and spoke to them:

"My neighbors," said she, "this is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the church — all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But I would rather these timbers shall rot where they lie than to give you whiskey."

The men angrily went home; the little woman returned to the house and for hours cried as though her heart would break. But the next day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whiskey.

This led to a discontinuance of the use of whiskey at barn-raising in the county. Her sons grew up, strong, vigorous men, and did good work in helping to civilize and Christianize the world; their descendants are all of a high type of intellectual and moral men and women. If she had yielded this little point, they might have become, like many of their neighbors, drunkards.

Our stout-hearted pioneer forefathers re-deemed the land and drove out the wild beasts and serpents; but there are vices and malignant customs still to be conquered, for which we need women of high souls and gentle spirits, like Christiana Dickson.

St. JOHN in the island of Patmos, saw a door opened in heaven,\* and the great God upon His throne, surrounded with creatures of His hands, standing in the heavenly place, as living counterparts of types of His earthly creation. "The first creature was like a lion, and the second creature was like a calf, and the third creature had a face as a man, and the fourth creature was like a flying eagle." . . . *And when the living creatures shall give glory and honor and thanks to Him that sitteth on the throne, to Him that liveth forever and ever, the four-and-twenty elders shall fall down before Him that sitteth on the throne, and shall worship Him that liveth forever and ever, and shall cast their crowns before the throne, saying: Worthy art Thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory, and the honor, and the power; for Thou didst create all things, and because of Thy will they were, and were created.* — \*Revelation iv., 7 and 8.

REV. F. W. NEWMAN.

If it takes a boy twenty-five minutes to cut three sticks of wood to get supper by, how long will it take him next morning to walk three miles to meet a circus coming to town?

A KIND-HEARTED resident of Westport, Wis., picked up seven wild geese which had fallen to the ground exhausted after a long flight. He fed them and then let them fly away. — *Boston Record.*

"Oh, ma! There's a dude on wings."

"No, child, that's only a mosquito." — *Philadelphia Call.*





A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Harry King's sister Jennie was five years old and his little brother Tom was three.

One day, last summer, their mamma took them to visit Aunt Mary, who lived on a farm. The children had never been in the country before, and were very much pleased.

The first day they were there they took the dollies out to have a grand parade. There was a nice, grassy hill across the road from the house, where mamma said they could play.

Harry took his uncle's cane for a horse, Jennie pulled the cart and rang the tea-bell to let folks know the parade was coming, and Tom came on behind with a whip to drive the horses when they grew lazy.

They were just having a fine time and making a great deal of noise when "Bow-wow, bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow!" came Tray, running and leaping, wild to join in the fun.

The children had never played with a dog, indeed, did not often see one in the city, and they thought he was angry and would bite. So they started on a run down hill for the house. Tray thought that more fun and jumped and barked more than ever.

Down fell Harry on his nose; Jennie could not stop, she was in such a hurry, and tumbled over Harry, and Tom piled on top. The whip flew one way and the bell another. The cart upset, and out fell Almira Jane and Betsy Ann, but of course they did not cry. How could they? But Tom screamed at the top of his lungs, Jennie cried, and Harry shouted "He'll eat us up! He'll eat us up! Get out! Get out!"

Tray helped the noise all he could—he thought it fine fun—but Aunt Mary and mamma came running and carried the three badly frightened children into the house. After a few days they learned that Tray was not cross but only wanted to be their play-

mate, and they had lots of fun with him before their visit was at an end.

FANNY SPANGENBERG.

For the above cut and story we are indebted to "The Fountain."

#### WHEN SPRING BEGAN.

WHILE roaming in the wood one day, I asked the question, half in play,  
"Who can tell when spring began?"  
Straightway the answer came, "I can!"  
And robin redbreast cocked his head.  
"All right! Then pray proceed," I said.

"I must," said he, "express surprise  
That any one with two good eyes,  
Or even one, should fail to see  
Spring's coming *must* depend on me.  
When I come, then will come the spring,  
And that's the gist of the whole thing."

"Ho, ho! He, he! Well, I declare!"  
A squirrel chuckled, high in air.  
"That is too droll—that you should bring,  
Instead of being brought, by spring.  
I hadn't meant to boast, but now  
The cause of truth will not allow  
My silence; so I'll merely state  
That spring for me must *always* wait.  
The thing admits not of a doubt;  
Spring can't begin till I come out."

"Well, bless my stars! For pure conceit,"  
Began the brook, "you two do beat  
All I have heard. As if 'twere true  
Spring never came at all till you  
Were born, and can't come when you're dead!  
I'm sorry, sir, you've been misled,  
But I can set you right. I know  
Spring comes when I begin to flow,  
When my ice melts, and not till then,  
Spring dares to venture forth again."

CHEERFULNESS.—The cheerful are the busy.  
When trouble knocks at your door, or rings  
the bell, he or she will generally retire if you  
send word you are engaged.

CICERO said: "I go from life as from an  
inn, not as from home."

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

#### HORSES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

"A man to have friends, must show himself friendly."

You would not rob or cheat your friend. You would not kick or strike your friend. You would not tease or scold your friend. You would not even be uncivil to your friend. No, you would be polite to him. You would help him to bear his burdens. You would be kind and considerate and prevent others from teasing and troubling him. And surely you would not rob him, or cheat him out of his rights.

Is not the horse one of our best friends? He is when we are friendly to him. Surely we should help him to be our friend, and can do so, by speaking gently to him when we wish his assistance. Not by sawing his mouth when we wish him to stop, and striking him with the whip when we wish him to go, and kicking and pounding him when he does not understand what we want. It is not friendly to alter his form to please our pride, and so take away his power to protect himself from flies, or to put on him a tight check-rein so he cannot use his head to help him when drawing loads, or look about when he is standing still. We can help him to be our friend by not over-loading him. We can help him by not expecting the same amount of work from him in the extreme of either warm or cold weather, and on bad as on good roads. We like to have our work easy and pleasant and not be always on the strain while doing it. And so does the horse. He is capable of enjoying life, if we do all we can to make him comfortable—feed him well, keep him warm in winter and cool in summer, make his burdens reasonable; coax, instead of striking him when he is frightened or stumbles. If we show in every way we can that we are his friends, we shall soon find that as we are friendly, the horse will be friendly.

E. M. S. T.

APRIL, 1887.

In order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as you can. — SYDNEY SMITH.

#### SELF-RESPECT.

The other day there was found lying by one side of a ditch, a pig. On the other side, a man. The pig was sober, the man drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, the man had a ring on his finger. Some one passing exclaimed, "One is judged from the company he keeps." The pig arose and went away. — *Youth's Companion*.

#### WHY BOYS SHOULD NOT BE SNUBBED.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of a dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakspeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.



High diddle-diddle played the cat with her fiddle,  
And the old cow jumped over the moon.  
And the little dog laughed to see the fine sport.  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State  
who report quarterly.

#### Cases Reported at Office in March and April.

For beating, 35; over-working and over-loading, 25; over-  
driving, 6; driving when lame or galled, 86; non-feeding  
and non-sheltering, 17; abandoning, 1; torturing, 27; driv-  
ing when diseased, 9; general cruelty, 87.

Total, 263.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecu-  
tion, 183; warnings issued, 120; not found, 16; not substan-  
tiated, 39; anonymous, 8; prosecuted 17; convicted, 14;  
pending 1; (No. 402).

Animals taken from work, 45; horses and other animals  
killed, 78.

#### BY COUNTRY AGENTS, FIRST QUARTER, 1887.

For beating, 27; over-loading, 36; over-driving, 30; driv-  
ing when lame or galled, 128; driving when diseased, 20;  
non-feeding and non-sheltering, 51; torturing, 4; abandon-  
ing, 3; general cruelty, 85.

Total, 384.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecu-  
tion, 344; not substantiated, 18; prosecuted, 22; convicted,  
14.

Animals taken from work, 108; killed, 61.

#### Receipts at the Society's Offices in April.

**FINES.**  
From Justices' Courts.—West Brookfield, \$5; Warren,  
\$20.

**Police Courts.**—Holyoke, \$10; Springfield, \$2.

**District Courts.**—Cambridge, (2 cases), \$27; Northamp-  
ton, \$20; Malden, \$5.

**Municipal Court.**—Boston, \$10; Brighton (2 cases),  
\$25; South Boston, \$5.

**Witness' Fees,** \$5.80.

Total, \$134.80.

#### MEMBERS AND DONORS.

A friend, \$342; George G. Hall, \$25; William Perkins,  
\$25; D. B. Wesson, \$25.

#### TEN DOLLARS EACH.

A friend, Mrs. C. H. Miffin, Mrs. Dwight, David W.  
Simonds, W. S. Houghton, Edw. Whitney, Mrs. E. L.  
Bennett, Mrs. W. F. Matchett, Hon. W. H. Haile, S.  
Alvord, M. D., Elisha Gunn.

#### FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. C. McCully, Robert A. Boit, Charles N. Allen,  
Miletus Gleason, Rev. Samuel May, Franklin King, Mrs.  
John Lowell, M. M. Ballou, James H. Ellison, Miss Anna  
G. Leeds, Mrs. James Tolman, F. Merriam, C. J. Morrill,  
Rt. Rev. Benj. H. Paddock, George M. Preston, W. S.  
Heaton, J. C. Rogers, F. A. Dewson, C. F. Perry, Metro-  
politan Railroad Company, H. C. Thacher, Bigelow &  
Dowse, Jere. Abbott, H. D. Dupce, J. E. Maynadier, A. G.  
Weeks, C. W. Loring, Ames W. Stetson, H. S. Wade, R.  
C. Greenleaf, H. A. Whitney, J. Wentworth Browne, Dr.  
R. M. Hodges, W. V. Hutchings, A. F. Hervey, Wm. S.  
Bullard, A. B. Forbes, George C. Fisk, R. F. Hawkins,  
G. E. Foster, M. D., Elisha Morgan, J. F. Merriam, H. C.  
Rowley, John Olmstead, A. A. Packard, H. S. Lee, E. H.  
Barney, E. A. Alden, Chicopee Arms and Tool Company,  
E. Gaylord, Chicopee Manufacturing Company, A. F. Gay-  
lord, Miss P. W. S. Canfield.

#### THREE DOLLARS EACH.

N. S. Beebe, J. M. Cowan, Mrs. J. H. Southworth.

#### TWO DOLLARS EACH.

A. J. McIntosh, Mrs. H. S. Griffith, J. R. Stebbins, T. F.  
Adams, New England Card and Paper Company.

#### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

P. O. Box 1155, Mrs. Edw. Cordis, Fred R. Currier,  
Chas. H. Nichols, Chas. Bill, O. W. Cook, Mrs. Dr. Fay,  
C. H. Clark, Mrs. A. F. Jennings, C. H. Goodman, W. C.  
Bemis, W. S. Rodgers, T. H. Goldthwait, H. H. Harris,  
J. P. Woodworth.

Total, \$826.

#### MISSIONARY FUND.

A friend of Animals, Worcester, \$200; A Friend, \$50;  
C. A. Barnard, Esq., \$5; Miss Susie F. Allen, \$4.50.

Total, \$259.50.

#### SUBSCRIBERS.

Rev. T. L. Eliot, President Oregon Humane Society,  
\$22.50; Trustees Public Library, Tewksbury, \$4; J. A.  
Wilson, \$2.75; Miss S. E. Ross, \$2.50; S. Pratt, \$2.25;  
N. B. Clark, \$2.25; Miss A. E. Ladd, \$2; Rev. Myra  
Kingsbury, \$1.50; News Agencies, \$1.40.

#### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss I. N. Freeby, B. F. Burgess, Mrs. J. B. Greenough,  
Mrs. Geo. Woodman, H. M. Rice, Mrs. R. R. Gifford,  
Mrs. L. L. Lewis.

#### FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Mrs. P. R. Hollingsworth, Miss S. F. Randall, Esther  
Bartlett, M. A. Ridgeway, Mrs. A. C. Beckwith, M. A.  
Brigham, Miss Susie F. Allen, H. B. Scammell, Mary  
Whicher, Rev. W. I. Nichols, Elmer D. Bowers, Mrs. G.  
W. Powell, Kenneth Duncan, Emily Rochester, Margaret  
Rochester, Geo. H. French, M. E. Ford.

Total, \$56.65.

#### PUBLICATIONS SOLD.

C. R. Eastburn, \$23.50; Miss S. A. Eddy, \$14; Mrs. J.  
N. Hughes, \$11.10; Moses G. Farmer, \$10; Miss Helen O.  
Wyman, \$7.40; Miss J. J. Wheeler, \$6; Miss G. E. Beach,  
\$5.20; T. B. Garland, \$5; C. S. Deane, \$5; All others in  
sums less than Five Dollars each, \$101.23.

Total, \$188.23.

#### BEQUEST.

Estate of Henry Gasset, \$2,038.

#### RECEIVED BY TREASURER.

Mrs. Geo. Dickinson, \$100; Benj. P. Cheney, \$100.  
Total receipts, \$3,703.18.

A MAN that will creep up to my bedside and  
steal a dollar out of my pocket is a gentleman,  
a scholar and a Christian, beside a man that  
would smirch my good name.—Sam Jones.

#### Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World, London, England.  
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator, Phila-  
delphia, Pa.  
Humane Journal, Chicago, Ill.  
Our Animal Friends, New York, N. Y.  
Zoophilist, London, England.  
Animal's Friend, Aarau, Switzerland.  
Animal's Friend, Vienna, Austria.  
German P. A. Journal "Ibis," Berlin, Prussia.  
Zoophilist, Naples, Italy.  
Augusta, Ga. Fourteenth Annual Report of the  
Georgia S. P. C. A., for 1886-7.  
Brighton, Mass. Supervisor's Report of the  
Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home for  
Animals, for 1886-7.  
Philadelphia, Pa. Fourth Annual Report of  
the American Society for the Restriction of  
Vivisection, for 1886.  
Cologne, Germany. Fifteenth Annual Report  
of the Cologne S. P. A., for 1886.

#### PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.

The following publications can be obtained at  
our offices at the annexed cost prices, free of  
postage:

Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell.  
Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-  
four for 10 cents; One hundred, 25 cents, post paid.  
"Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by George  
T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together,  
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"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
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"The Check Rein," by Geo. T. Angell,	.60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade,	1.00 "
"Selections from Longfellow,"	3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy,"	.45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc.,	.65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins,	12.50 "
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"Band of Mercy Register," 8 cents.	
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